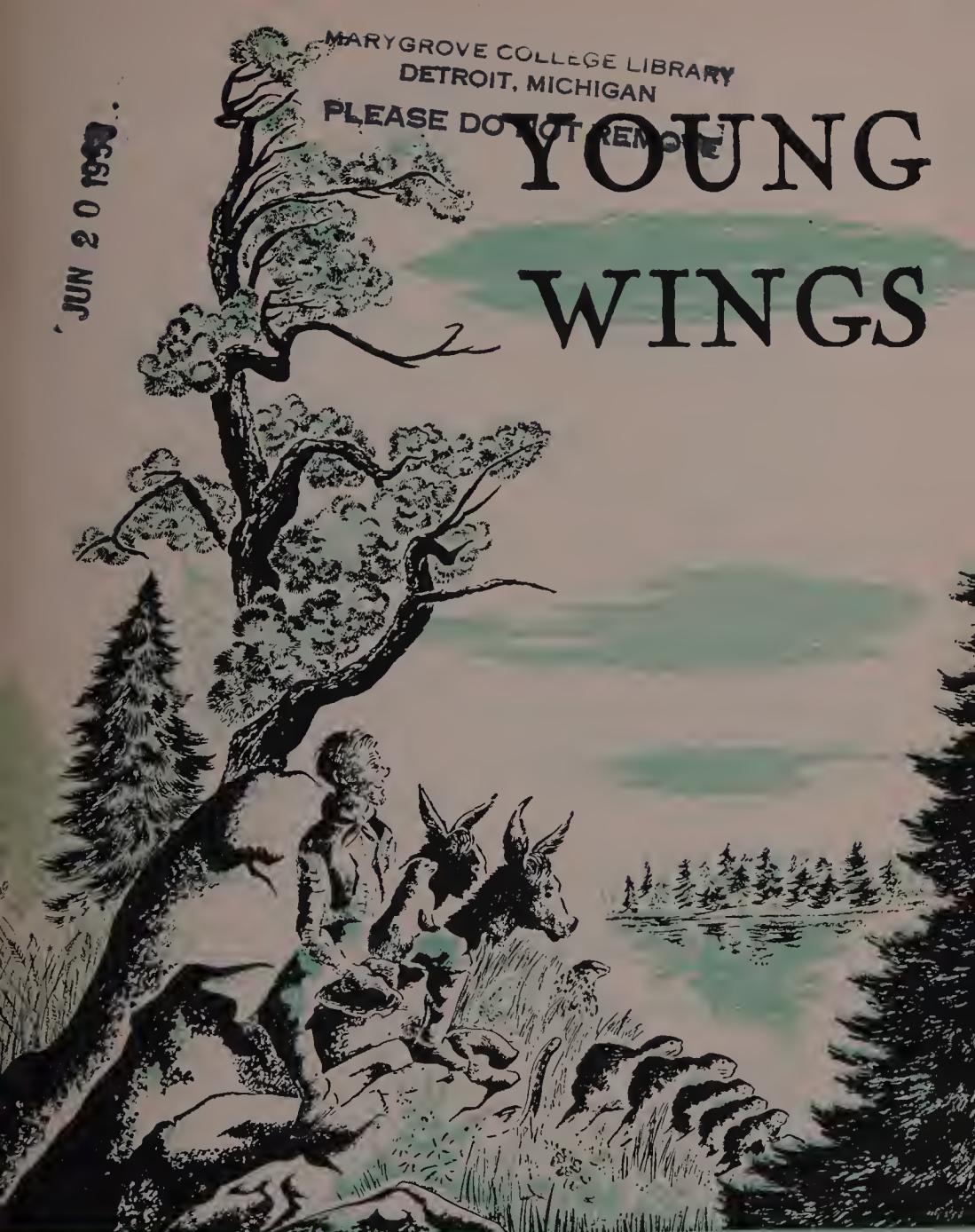


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YOUNG WINGS

JUN 20 1953



THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD
The Book Club for Young Readers

In the United States and Canada

JULY

1953

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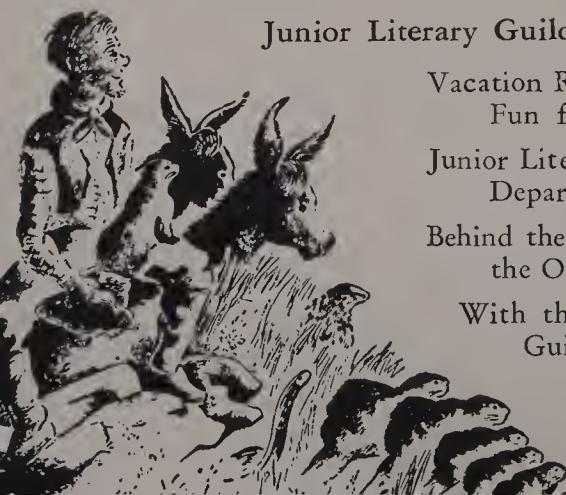
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Y O U N G W I N G S

From The Junior Literary Guild

Helen Ferris, Editor-in-Chief

Ruth Clement Hoyer, Editor of *Young Wings*

At Home on the Lake

JO PERRY liked funny old Mike McGonnigle the moment she first met him. She had never before seen anyone quite like him. He had been a wanderer since he was fifteen, most of the time hunting for gold. Now his red hair was turning white and his shoulders were stooping a bit. And Jo liked Mike's old covered wagon, too. But, most of all, she liked Mike's family: the burros, the badger, the marmot, the snake, and the five beavers.

Because she liked them all, Jo decided to help Mike. He had bought Paradise Lake up in Piney Woods. Jo knew, as he did not know, that the real estate man had sold him only the lake and one small, barren hill—all rocks. The rest of the shore belonged to a man named Caldwell. So Jo got her friend Jerry, and they whizzed up the mountain road on their motor bikes. Over a delicious trout supper they made plans.

How Mike and Jo and Jerry solved this problem is the amusing and entertaining story which goes out to you older girls this month: *McGonnigle's Lake* by Rutherford Montgomery. When Mr. Caldwell

Old Mike
entertains
at supper



positively refused to sell any land, desperate measures had to be taken to get land for Mike.

Rutherford Montgomery and the artist, Garry MacKenzie, are already your friends. Turn to page thirteen for a message from Mr. Montgomery and to the back cover to read about Garry MacKenzie's Junior Guild books.

McGonnigle's Lake by Rutherford Montgomery is the new Junior Guild selection for older girls. It is published in the regular trade edition by Doubleday & Company, Inc., at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction).

Every Tree Has Its Own Story

LOOK at this good friend of the woods—the absent-minded oak farmer. But that's not a farmer, you're saying. That's a squirrel. How can he be called a farmer? Well, it's like this. Acorns



Why is he a friend of the woods?

are one of the squirrel's favorite foods. He eats as many as he can possibly have room for, and then he buries the rest. He is saving them for another day. Now it's really true that a squirrel is quite absent-minded. Often he forgets where he has stored his nuts. Then the acorns sprout in the ground and grow up into oak trees.

Our new book for you nine, ten, and eleven year olds is *Trees and Their Story*, by Dorothy Sterling. Can you tell one tree from another? Of course you know some trees well. But probably there are many which are strange to you. Mrs. Sterling in her story and Myron Ehrenberg in his many, fine photographs are ready to make you acquainted with trees—

their leaves and flowers, their bark and buds. You will learn to know trees in all the different seasons—winter, spring, summer, and autumn. You will learn many of their secrets. From which tree does your pancake syrup come?

Dorothy Sterling and Myron Ehrenberg are already your good friends. You probably read about them in the May issue of *YOUNG WINGS*, when we had their *Billy*



Does this remind you of pancakes?

Goes Exploring. And surely you know their first Junior Guild book, *Sophie and Her Puppies*.

Trees and Their Story by Dorothy Sterling is the new Junior Guild selection for 9, 10, and 11 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Doubleday & Company, Inc., at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: 582.16. Subject heading: Trees.

Stowaway on a Moon-Bound Rocket

BEING a stowaway on a rocket bound for the Moon was not at all a part of Ted's plans when he rushed in a jet-propelled space taxi from the Space Station to the waiting rocket. He must tell the men about Jack, tell them that Jack was not coming.

Ted reached the rocket. He got inside and made his way up to the cabin where the men—Merola the pilot-navigator, Forbes the engineer, and the two doctors—were waiting for Jack, the fifth crew man. Then Ted learned he was too late. There was no way to stop the blastoff. The ship was primed to go. As for Ted—well, he could not leave the rocket.

In vain Ted tried to explain, to tell the men that he *had* to stop Jack. A man with an injured collarbone would have endangered the expedition. But the men would not listen. Ted, they declared, had knocked out Jack for the sole purpose of going in Jack's place. All except Merola ignored Ted, accepting their own verdict that he was guilty. They turned their backs on him during meals and moved away if he came near.

Stirring adventures await you older boys in your new story, *Rocket to Luna* by Richard Marsten. The day before the rocket was to land on the Moon, Merola was critically injured and lay unconscious. Who could take the rocket down? Ted was the only one who knew how. He did take

it down, but it was a crash landing a thousand miles from the supplies sent ahead in a pilotless rocket. The need for those supplies was desperate. Ted and



A race through a long, cold night

Forbes, the most hostile of the men, had to go for them on foot, with time their greatest enemy.

On page twelve a new Junior Guild author, Richard Marsten, is introduced to you. You already know Alex Schomburg, the artist. Read more about him on the YOUNG WINGS back cover.

Rocket to Luna by Richard Marsten is the new Junior Guild selection for older boys. It is published in the regular trade edition by The John C. Winston Co. at \$2.00. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject heading: Rockets (Aeronautic)—Fiction.

What Are You Going to Be Today?

WHAT fun it is to play make-believe! There are, oh, so many, many ways to play the game. One day you play you are a cowboy. You and your horse gallop across the plains. With your lasso you catch wild broncos and runaway steers. Tomorrow you may be a jet pilot and go zooming through the sky, or you may put on your space suit and rocket off to the moon.

Oh, there are all sorts of people you can be—a Red Cross nurse or a doctor, a storekeeper or a garage man, a fireman or a policeman, a schoolteacher or a stewardess in an airplane, and many others. Take your choice. Have fun.

Tommy liked to play make-believe, too. And who do you suppose he was one day? The sun was up and shining brightly that morning when Mother came to

wake up Tommy. But he was already awake, and he had already said "hello" to the sun.

"Good morning, Tommy," Mother said when she came in.

"I'm not Tommy," he said to her. "I'm a . . ."

Now what did Tommy tell her? Who was he? The answer is right in your new story, five and six year olds. Take a look and see for yourself. The book is called *The Giant Story*, and it was written for you by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers. You'll meet Betsy, too. She lives next door. What a day Tommy had! But he made one mistake. What was the mistake? I'm not telling. Not yet, anyhow.

Mrs. de Regniers, the author, and Maurice Sendak, the artist, are both new Junior Literary Guild friends. You will meet them on pages eight and nine.



The Giant Story by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for 5 and 6 years old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Harper and Brothers at \$2.00. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction). Subject heading: Picture books.

A Broken Window

CRASH! The boys turned to see what had happened. Their baseball had sailed over Donny's head. He was batting. It had sailed



Where did it go?

over Michael's head. He was catching. What a powerful throw Jimmy, the pitcher, had made! Too powerful! The ball had smashed right through the window of the garage.

A broken window was bad enough. But that wasn't all that was wrong. Donny had taken his father's bat and ball and glove out of the attic without even asking whether he could use them. What would Daddy say? The three boys sat down on the back step to wait for Donny's father to get home from business.

Of course the boys should not have tried to play baseball in such a small place as Donny's back yard. But where else could they go? There was no playground in their town, and playing in the road was forbidden.

At last Daddy came home. He shook his head. He looked very



serious. But he was not angry. He talked with the boys about taking things that belonged to someone else. Then he promised to buy them a bat and a glove that were their size and a soft ball. "But," he added, "you boys will have to pay for that window. That will cost fifty cents."

Now the boys were truly in trouble. They had no money to pay for the window. What Daddy did about that and what the boys did next and what the whole town did later are only part of the exciting story going out to you seven and eight year olds in *Donny and Company*, by Elizabeth Kinsey. Can girls play ball, too? Wait till you read about how Ann surprised everybody.

On page fifteen the author, Elizabeth Kinsey, tells you more about Donny and his home town. The Junior Guild books which the artist, Mary Stevens, has illustrated are listed for you on the back cover of *YOUNG WINGS*.

Donny and Company by Elizabeth Kinsey is the new Junior Literary Guild selection for 7 and 8 year old Members. It is published in the regular trade edition by Franklin Watts, Inc., at \$2.50. Dewey Classification: F (Fiction).



Peter Rabbit Gave Me My Start

by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers



YOUR new book, *The Giant Story*, is the first book I have ever written. I wrote it sitting at a table in a tiny room where I liked to work. It was down below the street level, and I always felt I was under the ground. But where a story really grows is in your head. You think about it for a long time—maybe for years. Then when it is finally ready, you write it down. At least, that is one way a story is written.

I can tell you more about reading books than about writing them because I have always read books. The very first story I can remember hearing is *Peter Rabbit*. My mother read it to me when I was two years old. When she finished the story, I burst into tears and said, "Read it again." I cried because Peter Rabbit had to take medicine and could not have blackberries and cream for supper. I was angry at Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail because they ate their blackberries and cream and didn't even tell Peter Rabbit they were sorry he couldn't have some,

too. But I asked my mother to read *Peter Rabbit* again because, after all, it was a very good story. And if a story is really good, I like to hear it again and again.

I hope that *The Giant Story* is the kind of story that you will



Beatrice Schenk de Regniers, your new Junior Literary Guild author, busy on another story during her vacation on a farm in New York State

want to hear again and again. I wrote it for reading aloud.

Near the front of the book, before the story begins, I put the names of a lot of people I know and like. One is the name of my cat because he is a Giant, too. Can you guess which of those names is my cat's?

Crawfordsville, Indiana, is really my home town, although I was born in Lafayette. I grew up in Crawfordsville and attended school there. I had a tree house in my back yard. Every spring I gathered violets on the campus of Wabash College. (Turn to page 18)

From Comic Strips to Illustrations

by Maurice Sendak

I WAS born in Brooklyn, New York, on June 10, 1928, and attended grade school and high school there. Later I studied at the Art Students League in New York. I am now making my home in Manhattan.

About the first thing I can remember is watching my older sister and brother copy comic strip characters in their school notebooks. I soon joined them. Then my brother and I began to make books of our "copy" pictures. We made hard covers for each book, gave it a title, and put it up on the bookshelf. We also made card-



Maurice Sendak, your new Junior Literary Guild artist, started on his career in art by copying the characters in comic strips

board marionettes, put together with pins. We always waited eagerly for the shirts to get back from the laundry because the cardboard used in packing them was the best grade. Next we made a glamorous replica of the World's Fair in wax and clay. It took only

a few hot July days to demolish this masterpiece of ours.

Some years passed before I really became an illustrator. I had several different kinds of jobs. For a while, my brother Jack and I made toys—little animated wooden toys—but we were not successful in selling them. Then I landed a job in the window display department of the F. A. O. Schwarz toy store. It was while there that I met Miss Ursula Nordstrom, the editor of books for boys and girls at Harper and Brothers, and then started my career as illustrator. I made the pictures for: *The Wonderful Farm*, by Marcel Aymé; *A Hole Is to Dig*, by Ruth Krauss; *Maggie Rose*, by Ruth Sawyer; and then your book, *The Giant Story*, by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers. I am now illustrating some of my own stories.

My sister's son Seth is my most critical fan. His own drawings are so good that his uncle's work does not overly impress him.

A Giant can pick up people



Through the Seasons vi

from "Trees and Their Story," by Dorothy



Winter—the apple bud is covered with woolly hairs. Inside the tiny bud are seven blossoms and eight leaves. Below are apple leaves



Summer—slowly the green apples turn red or yellow

Spring—a bee seeks nectar from an apple blossom. Late



an Apple Tree

ing. Photos by Myron Ehrenberg

Summer—the falling petals leave behind an ovary, which grows round and plump. Inside this fleshy covering the apple seeds—sometimes ten of them—ripen until at last the apple is ready to be eaten—see picture below



Autumn—on the ground lie the apples. The leaves will soon be gone. Winter is coming. Once more winter buds are forming on bare branches



fall from the flowers



Writing Science Fiction Came Naturally

by Richard Marsten

I WAS born in New York City, but I do not feel that any one part of the country should really make claim to my residency. Travel has always been a siren song for me, and I was lucky enough to find a beautiful wife who loves it as much as I do. I am now a free-lance writer, and so I have a great deal of freedom.



Richard Marsten, Junior Guild author

My wife and I pack up my typewriter and our three sons—to whom *Rocket to Luna* is dedicated—into our Oldsmobile, and we are off on another trip.

We have seen just about every corner of the United States of America, and we have never tired of it. It is a wonderful, big country. Sometimes I wish that more Americans had jobs like mine, just so that they could get out and see the land of which they are a part. My wife and I are planning to hit Mexico next and then Canada.

Then we'll figure out a way to see Europe—with our eyes on a Spanish villa—and Asia and Africa and Australia, all before our boys grow up. After that, we shall have nearly exhausted this old planet. But by that time, trips to the Moon should be available. We'll probably be among the first to apply for passage.

I have always been interested in science. This interest, coupled with a sometimes wild imagination, could lead to nothing but science fiction. I shall always remember what I consider to be the first intelligent conversation I ever had. I was about eight years old at the time.

Two boys and I were sitting on the front stoop of a New York tenement, and we were discussing our plans for a rocket ship we were going to build. We did not know it then, but we were actually formulating plans for a three-stage rocket. In our neighborhood the Fourth of July was a big thing. Firecrackers reigned supreme in those days, and one of the tricks was to put a "salute" under a tin can and watch the can shoot into the air when the firecracker exploded. We planned to drill a series of nine holes in the bottom of a can and put a firecracker in each hole. Then we'd put fuses of different lengths on the firecrackers. The first three to explode would (Turn to page 18)

My Twin Woodpeckers

by Rutherford Montgomery

NUMBER fifty-three! Yes, *McGonnigle's Lake* is my fifty-third book. Two of those books, *Carcajou* and *Big Brownie*, have been Junior Guild books.

Writing *McGonnigle's Lake* was as big an adventure as writing the first one. It was easier, however. When I wrote my first book, I could type about ten words a minute. I still use only two fingers for typing, but those two have hunted out about three million words for me. They are sort of twin woodpeckers. I have figured out that they make about eight hundred thousand pecks for each book—a peck for every letter in each word. That would be

Rutherford
Montgomery

Photo by
Morton Harvey



four hundred thousand pecks apiece, counting the original writing and the copying.

The idea for *McGonnigle's Lake* came from a real person, but I did not use him in the book. Quite a few years ago I met an old man wandering about northern California with an outfit much like Mike's. It was a small, two-wheeled covered wagon pulled by a pair of sleepy burros. The man went from town to town, selling post cards of himself and his burros. It seemed to me that the old man would have had more fun if he had taken a few friends with him. So in my story I added a few characters: DeAnza, a badger; Mr. Grundy, a marmot; Apollo and Psyche, a happily married beaver couple; and Archie, a king snake. I have worried a bit because the beaver babies did not have names. But I suppose Mike was too busy after they came to get around to naming them.

Which is my favorite character? Archie, I must confess. Where do I get my material? Oh, just anywhere. This time on a highway. Next time? I may be off to Mars by then. Who knows!



Vacation Reading Clubs Bring Fun for All

*At the
Public
Library
in Cedar
Rapids,
Iowa*

HELLO, boys and girls everywhere! Greetings from all of us at the Junior Literary Guild office. Summertime is here again. Is there a vacation reading club near you? If so, be sure to join it. With books you can journey all over the world. You can live in long-ago times or in today or in the years far ahead. Mystery, adventure, biography, history—whatever you want is yours in books. If there isn't any vacation reading club near you, why not start one? Be sure to write us about your club and send pictures.

Happy summer reading days are waiting for the boys and girls at the Public Library in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. They have a new

room of their own, and it is air-conditioned. The most popular spot in the room is a long, orange-colored couch.

What do the boys and girls of Cedar Rapids think of their new room? The answer to that question can be found in the pictures sent to us by Miss Evelyn Zerzanek, Children's Librarian. The readers look happy, don't they? In the picture above, Gregory and Don Michel are checking books out at the desk. With Miss Zerzanek, at the right, is Cynthia Snyder, a student and library page. Below, Gary Dwyer is absorbed in Philip Powell's story. Veronica Rawson is using the couch as a backrest while Nancy Bammert relaxes on it. Jean Schoonover needs most of the couch when she reads—see the picture on page eighteen.

On the wall of the Children's Room is this message: "Vacation at your library. Be cool. Be comfortable. Enjoy good reading."

Enjoying Cedar Rapid's air-conditioned Children's Room—Photos by Joan Liffring



I Once Knew a Boy like Donny

by Elizabeth Kinsey

ARE Donny and his friends real people? That is a question I have been asked. In one sense they are not real. I never knew a boy who did exactly the things Donny did. On the other hand, all the people an author



writes about—even the ones she thinks she has made up out of her imagination—are based on people she once knew.

I did know a boy like Donny once. He was so interested in everything that was happening that he just could not sit still and wait, whether it was waiting for spring to come, or a birthday, or a trip. But he did not let disappointments get him down. If spring was on the way, he wanted it to come at once. But if a blizzard arrived instead, he was in a hurry to enjoy that, too. And he had a way of getting other people to do things, even if the people were bigger and older than he—just as Donny got the whole village playing baseball or started

the older boys exploring to see where the brook went.

Is Donny's home town real? I am asked that, too. Well, not exactly. It was a suburb. That means it was not city nor country, but midway between the two. Many boys and girls live in suburbs. Their fathers go to the city in the morning and return home in the evening. Sometimes the boys and girls themselves ride the train to the city to see



Elizabeth Kinsey, your author, washing clothes in the St. Lawrence River

their fathers' offices or visit the stores and other sights. Sometimes they go to the farms from which come their milk and butter and meat and vegetables.

These are the things that Donny did. He had fun doing them, and I had fun writing about them, even though he was not real—just a boy I made up. I hope that you boys and girls who read about Donny and his friends will enjoy their story, too.

JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

Our Book Club Members are the authors of these pages. You, too, may write for them if you receive Junior Guild books at home, or if you read them in school or at the public library. The best letters received are published here and those who write them become Honor Members.

WHAT I THINK OF MY JUNIOR GUILD BOOKS

I've Read Most of My Junior Guild Books at Least Twice

DEAR JUNIOR GUILD:

I have been a Junior Guild Member for two and one half years and in that time have received thirty books, most of which I have read at least twice.

Many of my friends and schoolmates borrow my Junior Guild books as they know that they are good books and that they are always acceptable with the teachers for book reports.

Among my favorites are: *Gabriella*, by Nancy Hartwell; *Marie Antoinette*, by Marguerite Vance; and *Bebold Your Queen!* by Gladys Malvern.

I thank the Junior Guild for selecting books that provide both reading enjoyment and educational knowledge.

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET SARGENT, AGE 14
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA

I Have Enjoyed Every Single Junior Literary Guild Book

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I have been receiving Junior Literary Guild books for a year, and I have enjoyed every single one. The Junior Literary Guild books are wonderful. After I finish a book, I always feel as though I have just come from a visit to another fascinating place.

Of all my books I like *Hidden Pond*, by Helen Girvan, the best. The descriptions of Canada and its people were lovely. Mrs. Girvan made French Canada seem charming and full of adventure.

Sincerely yours,

ANN MURRAY, AGE 13
SAN LEANDRO, CALIFORNIA



Margaret Sargent, Belleville, Ontario;
Selden Trimble, Hopkinsville, Kentucky

The Boy and the Horse Have Many an Exciting Adventure

DEAR EDITOR:

I have just finished reading the book, *Ban-Joe and Grey Eagle* by Isabel McLennan McMeekin. This story is about a boy, Ban-Joe, and a horse, Grey Eagle. They meet first in a livery stable and become fast friends. The two have many exciting adventures together.

I like the Junior Literary Guild books. I wish that more exciting horse stories like this one could be sent out.

Very truly yours,

SELDEN TRIMBLE, AGE 11
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

My Teacher and My Friends Like My Junior Guild Books

DEAR JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD:

If I were to try and tell you which of my Junior Literary Guild books I like the best, it would be very hard to do so because I think they are all wonderful. We have a cat named Serapina, and so, of course, I like the book, *The Story of Serapina* by Anne H. White.

HONOR DEPARTMENT

In your letter, tell about your favorite Junior Guild books and why you like them. Put your name, age, and address on your letter and send in a snapshot of yourself. An inscribed book for your own library is awarded to the writer of every letter published in our Honor Department.

WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF OUR BOOK CLUB



Twila Knotts, Eglon, West Virginia, and Lora Kleinzahler, Palisade, New Jersey

I am so glad I am a Member of your Book Club. Last year I took some of the books you sent me to school, and the teacher read them to us. She thought they were very nice, and so did the other girls and boys.

Your friend,
TWILA KNOTTS, AGE 8
 EGLON, WEST VIRGINIA

I Have Enjoyed Reading My Junior Literary Guild Books

DEAR JUNIOR GUILD:

I like your Junior Literary Guild books very much. I just joined the Book Club a few months ago.

The books I like best are *The Mystery of Hidden Village*, by Annette Turngren, and *The Right Job for Judith*, by Enid Johnson. The part in *The Mystery of Hidden Village* that I like best is when they find the old Indian village. In *The Right Job for Judith* I like the part where Judith finds that she really can't sing very well.

Yours sincerely,
LORA KLEINZAHLER, AGE 10
PALISADE, NEW JERSEY

More Boys and Girls Should Read This Junior Guild Book

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I believe that *Avalanche Patrol* is one of the most exciting books I have read. The author, Montgomery M. Atwater, makes you feel as if you were with Brad Davis on his thrilling adventures as an avalanche patrolman. It all started when Brad was asked to pitch in for a patrolman at a new ski resort in the Rockies. Max Luthi, who was in charge of the resort, was missing. Brad had to find him, to follow his trail.

I believe more boys and girls should read this exciting book.

Yours truly,
BILL SIBLEY, AGE 13
LA GRANGE, ILLINOIS

All Dog Lovers Will Like To Read This Fine Story

DEAR MISS FERRIS:

I believe my favorite Junior Guild book is *Big Mutt*, by John Reese. This book is interesting because the author knows much about dogs. All dog lovers will like this book.

The big mutt is a dog that is left out in the open by a couple from New York City. After a blizzard the dog had to kill sheep for food. The sheepherders hated the dog and went hunting for him. They chased him into Canada, where they could not shoot him. A boy caught the dog and trained him. The dog was loyal to his master, and they had many interesting adventures.

Yours truly,
GARY ELMSTROM, AGE 13
LA GRANGE PARK, ILLINOIS

Writing Science Fiction Came Naturally to Me

(Continued from page 12)

send the can off the ground; the next three, exploding later, would send it higher; and the last three would take it as high as it could go. We never tried out our experiment, however. We shot off all our firecrackers on the Fourth and had forgotten all about it the next year.

While writing *Rocket to Luna*, I thought about that long-ago conversation. I guess that I, as a boy, would have liked nothing better than to set foot on the Moon. I tried to remember what it was like—being a boy, I mean. I gave Ted in the book all the problems a boy could have, and I took him to the Moon besides. I really enjoyed myself then because I, too, was on the Moon. At the same time I was showing boys as accurate a picture of the Moon as I could.

I attended elementary school and high school in New York City and then graduated from New York University. After that, I decided that I could learn a lot more by watching and listening, and I have been doing that ever since.

I doubt very much whether my sons will really be spacemen, although I do not doubt that the opportunity will exist. During the writing of *Rocket to Luna*, though, I spent a good deal of time studying the Moon through a homemade telescope, which nestles with the spare tire in the trunk of the Olds. I gave one of my sons a peek one night, and he turned away from the eyepiece and said excitedly, "See Moon, Daddy? See Moon?" Maybe I only imagined the sparkle in his eyes. But—who knows!

The Story of Peter Rabbit Gave Me My Start

(Continued from page 8)

And I edited the Crawfordsville High School paper. After two years at the University of Illinois, I went to the University of Chicago.

What were my ambitions? When I was four years old, I wanted to be a dancer. So I used to wind up the victrola and put on "The Turkish March" or "March Slav" and dance. I also wanted to be a nurse. That ambition I fulfilled by carrying a plate of soup to my grandmother when she was in bed with a cold. For a long time I wanted to be a singer, but I

couldn't sing. Later I knew that what I most wanted to be was a human being. And that is an ambition you can spend your whole lifetime working to fulfill.

I have been a nursery school teacher, a free-lance copywriter, a social worker, and a welfare officer in Egypt with the UNRRA. For a while I was with the Eloise Moore Dance Group. We did dance pantomimes of fairy tales and nursery rhymes and gave them in school assemblies. I was one of the three blind mice. I can still make a good mouse face.

Summer reading days at the Public Library in Cedar Rapids, Iowa





Behind the Scenes with Jay Gee, the Office Elf

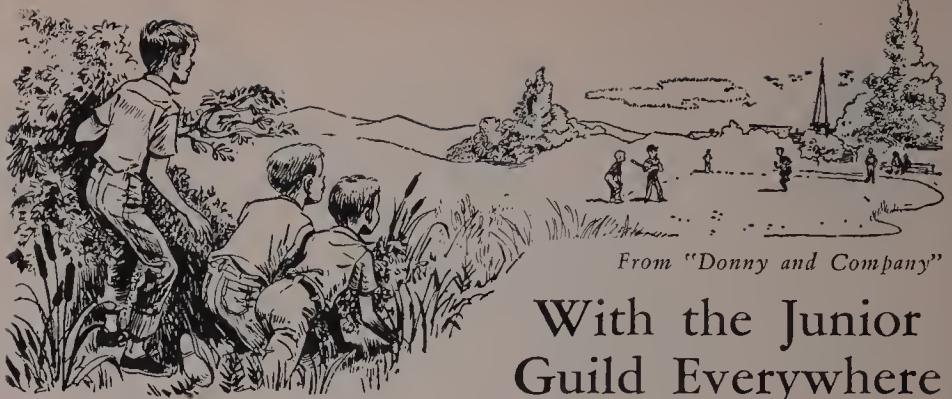
Now this is the kind of shower I like—a shower of letters from all of you guys and gals of the Junior Guild. Keep 'em coming. Remember what I say. Keep those letters coming my way if you want me to share any secrets with you. I work hard to get the secrets away from Helen Ferris and send them to you. So I say—give and take is the only fair way. I'll give you secrets and take your letters. Is it a bargain?

Say, have **YOU** written a letter lately? Have **YOU** told us what you think of our books? I don't remember seeing a letter from you. What **YOU** think of our books is mighty important to us.

A lot of traveling is what you'll be doing next month. Flying for you older guys. Where? Everywhere! You'll start in Montana, but you won't stay there. You'll race with blizzards and tornadoes and watch for forest fires. You'll deliver mail and freight at snow-barricaded logging and mining camps. You'll take risks and go adventuring on every page. You older gals are going to Montana, too, but not in an airplane. Only horses and wagons in those days. Dell and her family and friends journey a long, hard way across the Northwest and up into Canada. Dell has a mystery to solve about her real parents. And look out for Jock the Mountie in his coat of bright red. Romance in the air!

For you seven and eight year olds it's a Vacation Voyage. With David and Jean you'll be taking the longest trip of all. Don't tell anyone, but you're going to the moon! A rocket ship for you and a space suit with a helmet and a walkie talkie and everything. Sorry, five and six year olds! No walkie talkie for you, but you'll do plenty of walking and plenty of talking. See those twelve walking along in a straight line beside their teacher? One of them gets out of line, and—oh, what excitement! Then Miss Genevieve, a brave dog, comes to the rescue.

You nine, ten, and eleven year olds won't be traveling very far away. Mostly you'll be going around and around, around and around, faster and faster, with Martin and Good Luck. Will Good Luck ever be fast enough to enter the big race?



From "Donny and Company"

With the Junior Guild Everywhere

 Again honors have been awarded to our Junior Literary Guild books and their authors. In the annual Spring Book Festival of the *New York Herald Tribune*, this year's prize winner among the picture books is *Pet of the Met*, written and illustrated by Lydia and Don Freeman, which was our June selection for our seven and eight year old Members. Among the books receiving honorable mention is *The Journey of Josiah Talltatters*, written by Josephine Balfour Payne and illustrated by Joan Balfour Payne, which will be going out shortly to our seven and eight year old Members.

 We are happy to have on the cover of *YOUNG WINGS* this month the lovely sketch which Garry MacKenzie made for the book, *McGonnigle's Lake* by Rutherford Montgomery. Mr. MacKenzie was also the illustrator for Junior Guild's *Mr. Flip Flop*, by Helen Garrett, and *The Taming of Giants*, by Patricia Gordon.



This month we are happy to welcome back two more Junior Literary Guild artists. Alex Schomburg, who made the splendid picture which is on the jacket cover for *Rocket to Luna*, by Richard Marsten, was the illustrator for *Rocket Jockey*, by Philip St. John. Mary Stevens, the artist for *Donny and Company*, by Elizabeth Kinsey, made the pictures for Junior Guild's *Ghost at Garnet Lodge*, by Frances Duncombe, and *The Canvas Castle*, by Alice Rogers Hager.



We wish to send our special thanks to Miss Alta McAfee of the Oak School in La Grange, Illinois. Miss McAfee has sent to *YOUNG WINGS* a number of excellent letters written by the eighth-grade boys and girls. Two of them we have included on page seventeen of the Honor Department. They are the letters written by Bill Sibley and Gary Elmstrom. We hope that we can print some more of those fine letters in the near future.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

The Book Club for Young Readers

Garden City, New York

Toronto, Canada

*The Junior Literary Guild is the Book Club for all young readers between the ages of five and sixteen. With the yearly membership each Member receives one new book every month for a year—twelve books in all—and a copy of *YOUNG WINGS* with every book. Your friends will be glad to know about our Book Club. Full information may be obtained from The Junior Literary Guild, Garden City, New York.*